To threaten me with death is moſt vnlawfull:
I charge you as you hope to haue redemption,
By Chriſts, deare bloud ſhed for our greeuous ſinnes,
That you depart and lay no hands on me:
The deede you vndertake is damnable.
1 What we will do, we do vpon command.
2 And he that hath commanded is the King.
Clar. Erronious Vaſſaile, the great King of Kings,
Hath in the tables of his law commanded,
That thou ſhalt do no murder, and wilt thou then
Spurne at his edict, and fulfill a mans?
Take heede, for he holds vengeance in his hands,
To hurle vpon their heads that breake his law.
2 And that ſame vengeance doth he throw on thee,
For falſe forſwearing, and for murder too:
Thou didſt receiue the holy ſacrament,
To fight in quarrell of the houſe of Lancaſter.
1 And like a traitor to the name of God,
Didſt breake that vowe, and with thy trecherous blade,
Vnripſt the bowels of thy ſoueraignes ſonne.
2 Whom thou wert ſworne to cheriſh and defend.
1 How canſt thou vrge Gods dreadfull law to vs,
When thou haſt broke it in ſo deare degree?
Clar. Alas, for whoſe ſake did I that ill deede,
For Edward, for my brother, for his ſake:
Why ſirs, he ſends ye not to murder me for this,
For in this ſinne he is as deepe as I:
If God will be reuenged for this deede,
Take not the quarrell from his powerfull arme,
He needes no indirect, nor lawfull courſe,
To cut off thoſe that haue offended him.
1 Who made thee then a bloudy miniſter,
When gallant ſpring, braue Plantagenet,
That Princely Nouice was ſtrooke dead by thee?
Clar. My brothers loue, the diuell, and my rage.
1 Thy brothers loue, the diuell, and thy fault,
haue brought vs hither now to murder thee.
Clar. Oh if you loue my brother, hate not me,

I am

I am his brother, and I loue him well:
If you be hirde for neede, go backe againe,
And I will ſende you to my brother Gloceſter,
Who will reward you better for my life,
Then Edward will for tydings of my death.
2 You are deceiu'd, your brother Gloceſter hates you.
Cla. Oh no, he loues me, and he holds me deare,
Go you to him from me.
Am. I, ſo we will.
Cla. Tell him, when that our princely father Yorke,
Bleſt his three ſonnes with his victorious arme:
And chargd vs from his ſoule to loue each other,
He little thought of this deuided friendſhip.
Bid Gloceſter thinke of this, and he will weepe.
Am. I milſtones, as he leſſond vs to weepe.
Cla. O do not ſlaunder him, for he is kind,
1 Right as ſnow in harueſt, thou deceiu'ſt thy ſelfe,
Tis he that ſent vs hither now to murder thee.
Cla. It cannot be, for when I parted with him,
He hugd me in his armes, and ſwore with ſobs,
That he would labour my deliuerie.
2 Why ſo he doth, now he deliuers thee,
From this worlds thraldome, to the ioyes of heauen,
1 Make peace with God, for you muſt die my Lo:
Cla. Haſt thou that holy feeling in thy ſoule.
To counſell me to make my peace with God,
And art thou yet, to thy owne ſoule ſo blinde,
That thou wilt war with God by murdering me?
Ah ſirs, conſider, he that ſet you on
To do this deede, will hate you for this deede.
2 What ſhall we do?
Cla. Relent, and ſaue your ſoules.
1 Relent, tis cowardly and womaniſh.
Cla. Not to relent, is beaſtly, ſauage, and diueliſh.
My friend, I ſpie ſome pittie in thy lookes:
Oh if thy eie be not a flatterer,
Come thou on my ſide, and intreate for me:
A begging Prince, what begger pitties not?